

I was surprised that the conductor of the occasion approved this. Surely a man with a reputation like this should play fair and go with what's on the score.

Individual bandsmen are accorded a kind of respect and admiration that is often reserved for athletes. The conductor is not held in any higher esteem than the players. I did note that all of the conductors were very able and confident. All of the bands paid close attention to dynamics, balance, and blend, and there existed a combination of the spirit of art, entertainment, and audience enthusiasm in all of their performances.

At a British Brass Band Festival, each band is allotted thirty minutes for its presentation, which commences by the blowing of a whistle. Bands generally play a spirited opener, followed by a beautiful ballad, such as "All through the Night," then a solo feature, generally for cornet, trombone, or baritone. Bands will often play a light, entertaining feature and finally a required test piece, which may be either an approved symphonic transcription or an original composition for band.

The people of England take their brass bands very seriously. They know the individual names of the players from their favorite bands, including the make of instrument they play, and how that instrument affects the overall sound and quality of the band.

When I had attended the Music Educators Association National Conference a month before going to Great Britain, I heard William Revelli, professor of music and director of Bands Emeritus, make the following comment:

One of the great musical tragedies in the United States is that our high school and college students after learning to perform their instruments so beautifully, simply put their horns in their cases, following graduation, and seldom play again.

Such was not the case with the British, whose best bands seem to be the adult bands such as I heard at the Granada festival. The younger bands, as good as they are, are simply appendages to these adult bands.

It is important to realize that these bands are not professional, but are strictly amateur. They are sometimes supported by business organizations but, for the most part, are supported through a local community effort. The brass band is one of the great traditions of the United Kingdom; the bands have a great following and are supported, in addition, by such publications as the *Brass Band News*, (since 1881), *Sounding Brass*, the *British Bandsman*, and such music publishing houses as Novello, United Music Publishers, and Arts Lab Music Publishing. The bands also have a natural commercial following of such major instrument manufacturers as Boosey and Hawkes, Yamaha, Paxman, and Olds.

I noted that several of these bands made commercial recordings. While we were in England, the Brighouse and Rastrick band had a recording, "Floral Dance," that was then on the top of the charts. Radio stations such as the British Broadcasting System had

regularly scheduled broadcasts such as *Bandstand*, *Friday is Music Night*, *Among Your Souvenirs*, *Sam on Sunday*, and *Listen to the Band*.

A great deal of the success of the British brass bands must be attributed to the various festivals that are held throughout the country. Some are as follows: Lansing-Bagnall Brass Band Festival, Cambria Allendale Contest, Weston-SuperiMare, Prestalyns, Pontons Spring Brass Band Festival (Welsh bands only), the Granada Festival, and many others that lead to the National Finals and European Championship, held in London's Royal Albert Hall. With these championships goes a cash award for the four top groups.

My experience with the Granada Festival, along with my interview with Brian Clarke, proved to be the most significant part of my research assignment. I did have the opportunity to attend a rehearsal of his band, "Men O' Brass." While there, not only did I get to hear the band in practice, but I was fortunate to visit the gutted ruins of the Coventry Cathedral, knowingly bombed by the Germans in World War II in order to protect England's secrecy in breaking a German code. Then I had the opportunity to visit and interview Phil Parker, proprietor of Phil Parker Ltd., a music store that was the "hangout" for the premier brass players of London. Phil proved to be a charming person, as did his wife, both of whom briefed me on the history of "banding," as the brass band movement is commonly referred to. They told me of the problem which I had noticed of the overuse of vibrato that was then gradually creeping into brass band performance, and needed to be seriously addressed. I heard the bands at the Tower of London and the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, attended a performance of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in Queen Elizabeth Hall, and attended many dramatic performances for which London is noted.

Most remarkable was the opportunity to attend two performances of the then current Broadway musical Annie, featuring the New York cast that included Andrea McCardle in the title role. During the second performance, I was seated at a position in the upper balcony, where I could look down into the orchestra pit as well as view what was happening backstage. It was interesting to observe the change in attitude and mood by the off-stage actors and how they would suddenly get back into character immediately before their on-stage entrance. Observing the orchestra and the conductor proved to be a valuable educational experience that I was able to incorporate into future musical theatre conducting assignments.

Our son Rich and I had the choice opportunity of visiting Paxman's of Covent Garden, a famous French horn shop, located at 116 Long Acre, in London. Paxman-manufactured French horns are considered among the premier instruments in the industry. There was virtually every conceivable type of French horn on display, including the new dual-bore compensating triple-descant horn. I was seriously tempted to order one, but found there was at least a year's wait before one would be available. Also, the price exceeded my available budget. We met Richard Merewether, chief designer of the R.M. series of Paxman Virtuoso horns. Merewether was a brilliant yet charming and friendly person

who seemed to take an immediate liking to us, even giving Rich and me a free lesson and inviting us to dinner. He told us of his experiences with Dennis Brain, the late, world-renowned horn soloist, and showed us the five-valve Alexander horn that Merewether had completely restored following the tragic accident that claimed Dennis Brain's life. He then showed us a magazine cover featuring him and the four Wagnerian tubas he had designed and built for the London Symphony, a project for which he was to be recognized in the new, upcoming edition of *Groves Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

There were other incidents, too numerous to report. I felt I had obtained sufficient information for my brass band project, which would, as part of my assignment, be concluded by a fully written and published report, which later appeared as a book under the title *A Guide to Brass Bands of the Pacific*, published by Polynesian Press.

It was approaching the time for us to return to the mainland United States and then to our home in Hawaii, but first we took a whirlwind Eurorail tour of continental Europe that included visits to Paris, Nice, Monaco, Zurich, Vienna, Bad Aussee (in the Austrian Alps), Rome, Brussels, Venice, Cologne, and Dunkirk (of World War II historical fame). While we didn't hear any bands of significance, we did have the opportunity to hear the Vienna Opera, the Vienna Symphony, and the Vienna Boys Choir.

On our return to England and Alex Murillo's home in Chertsey, we rented a small Vauxhall auto in order to take a four-day trip into northern Great Britain visiting such places as Stratford Upon Avon, Upper and Lower Slaughter, Boulton on the Water, and Stow in the Wold, all in the Cotswold area. We stayed at a charming bed-and-breakfast in Windemere; visited Grassmere, the home of William Wordsworth; and ate at his favorite inn, The Swan. We then toured Hilltop, the simple but elegant farm of artist-writer Beatrice Potter of Peter Rabbit fame.

Our last day in England was April 17, 1978. We left on the 8:15 p.m. flight from Gatwick Airport to Seattle. We were grateful for the many friends and people we had met in England and on the continent. I wrote in my journal, "It was a great and unforgettable trip and I hope to return some day. . . I am in no means an expert on England and Europe—it would take years and many trips—but I know it exists, is very beautiful, has wonderful people, seems to be one large art gallery, historic museums, and a place of beautiful music, all wrapped into one. . . I hope to return!"

It was still light when our flight left Gatwick Airport and we, interestingly, flew into the day, never seeing any darkness until just as we landed, a few minutes before 10:00 p.m. at Sea-Tac International Airport, in Washington state. We were fortunate to be first in line, clear customs within minutes, and be in bed at the Vance Hotel by 11:00 p.m.

We spent the next two days at our building lot in Port Townsend, where we made plans to build a gambrel-roof barn later that summer. Then we were on to our summer home in Island Park, where we stayed for two months.

It was good when we finally arrived back in Laie, but I had to admit, both Jane and I were anxious for the day when we could permanently return to the mainland and build a dream home on our beautiful lot overlooking Discovery Bay, in Port Townsend, Washington.

The campus of Brigham Young University-Hawaii looked good. We were expecting a record enrollment under the capable administration of Dan Anderson. We were now in the middle of an interesting program titled Semester in Hawaii, where students from the main campus in Provo could come to Oahu and enjoy a Hawaiian experience. Not only was it a great experience for these mainland students, but it became a great help, particularly to me, by supplying some excellent players that had an immediate impact on the quality of my bands. I had lost some strong players through attrition, due to graduation, mission calls, marriages, and class conflicts, but this is the plight of every college band director, particularly those in small schools. Somehow, we always manage to survive.

A few years earlier, I had invited representatives from the athletic department and administration to a luncheon meeting, where I proposed a vitalization of our basketball program and what it would mean to the public awareness of our institution. I remember being asked, "Who would want to come to Hawaii to play us?" My response was, "The promise of a trip to Hawaii would be a great recruitment aid to virtually any college or university on the mainland." My suggestion didn't have an immediate impact, but for the academic year of 1978-79, the university brought in some quality basketball players and arranged an all-college and university schedule. It was exciting to me, for it meant, for the first time, that there would be the need for a representative pep band playing for important basketball games.

I had previously been successful with bands that played for basketball games at BYU-Provo, where we performed for NCAA and NIT tournaments in Madison Garden, the BYU fieldhouse, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Because of this experience, I felt I could develop a pep band that would be unique in all of Hawaii and be a great help in building the numbers and overall quality of my program.

With the help of student music arranger Jay Petrell, we were able to develop a repertoire of original arrangements peculiar to our band. We did halftime performances for the Aloha Basketball Classic at the Blaisdell Center in Honolulu, a tournament where all-Americans from the north, east, south, and west competed. We must have been successful, for on one occasion, President Anderson invited Governor Ariyoshi to one of our games, especially to hear the quality of our band. The only drawback was that the vast majority of our games were at home, simply because our team made only one mainland trip a year. This meant we made appearances in at least twenty-seven games in one season.

With the exception of the International Marching Band's appearances in various parades, I did very little in marching, particularly the type done at football halftime shows. The only exceptions were the first year that BYU and the University of Hawaii met as representatives in the Western Athletic Conference, and the time we were asked to replace the nationally famous Grambling University Band at its performance in the new Aloha Stadium for in Grambling's game with the University of Hawaii. For the BYU game, our band was too small, so I augmented it by inviting faculty members, alumni, and townsfolk to serve as temporary members. Even Eric Shumway, who eventually became president of BYU-Hawaii, agreed to play baritone horn. In addition to the band performance, I invited a group of Tongans to perform a dance routine at a given point in our program. So well received were they by the crowd, they thought it was an invitation for an encore, which they did. The result was that our show was extended to the point that the game was delayed, and BYU received a penalty on the kickoff. I was upset, as I knew Ish Stagner, our public address announcer, also was. I purposely stayed out of the way of Coach Lavell Edwards for fear of what he might say.

Before the Grambling University game, I attended a conducting seminar near Yosemite National Park. As part of the seminar, a new program for high school and college marching bands was being introduced, based on a style used by drum and bugle corps. "Corps style" marching, as it came to be known, was beginning to achieve considerable mainland success but had not yet reached the Islands. Feeling the "patterns in motion" style I was accustomed to using was now beginning to become dated, I took a vital interest in finding out what this new program was all about. In the three sessions I attended, I didn't learn much on how to teach this new technique, but I realized it was the wave of the future and vowed to use what little I knew at any future opportunity.

With the Grambling game, came the opportunity to use this knowledge, and I endeavored to write a show based on what little I knew or could remember of "corps style." Not only was it new to me, it was particularly new to the band members, with the result that the band had a difficult time learning what I was frustratingly trying to teach. Somehow we managed to get a show together and present it at the Aloha Stadium. Following this, I vowed, "This was my last venture into football halftime marching." Apparently what we had endeavored caught the fancy of some visiting high school band directors, and they could see a future possibility in what I had attempted to do. I know I received some congratulations at a band directors luncheon, and it wasn't long before these same directors became experts, and corps style marching became a standard marching fare throughout Oahu.

One director, in particular, was Mike Payton from the nearby Kahuku High School. Mike and his small sixty-piece band became so expert that their marching presentations were the most spectacular of any I had or have yet seen. Our son Rich marched the point in the Kahuku Red Raider Band, often coming home long past dark following four-hour band practices. I had the opportunity to judge the Kahuku band at several festivals in the Aloha Stadium. Many were the times, after observing outstanding marching bands of

well over one hundred members, when I would say to myself, "How can the small Kahuku band ever expect to compete with these large, magnificent organizations?" I would find, however, that there was no contest once the "Red Raider Band" appeared. So outstanding was this band, that Rich went with them to march in the Pasadena Rose Parade, where they were invited to be the demonstration band at a pre-parade event.

By the academic year of 1979-80, we had definitely decided that our years in Hawaii were rapidly coming to a close. The prospect of building our retirement home in Port Townsend, overlooking Discovery Bay, was foremost in our minds. Despite this, there were continuous activities with the bands and other projects that proved challenging and brought joy in my professional work. One such opportunity included a flight to Maui, where both the concert band and jazz ensemble played for the local community college, along with a well-received concert at the Kahalui stake center. Then it was on to the island of Molokai for additional concerts and playing for a Sesquicentennial Ball, celebrating the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of our Church. The 1980 Sesquicentennial Balls were wonderful activities throughout the Church, and we had additional opportunities to play in such balls for the Honolulu Stake, the Laie Stake and the university.

In August of 1979, following our normal summer vacation in Island Park, Jane, Rich, and I left two weeks early to travel to Port Townsend and, with the help of a neighbor, Jay Henselen, built and finished the storage barn, all in preparation for the building of our eventual retirement home and move to the mainland. Then it was back to Hawaii and Laie for the beginning of another public school year and fall semester at BYU-Hawaii.

In November of 1980, Jim Smith and his a cappella choir, along with a festival choir from several stakes on the island of Oahu, presented two gala performances of Merrill Bradshaw's oratorio, *The Restoration*. Accompaniment was by members of the Honolulu Symphony, for which I was invited to be in the French horn section. Merrill Bradshaw, a fine friend and fellow BYU-Provo colleague, had written a truly inspirational work, with scheduled performances in the Honolulu Blaisdell Center and on the BYU-Hawaii campus. All this was part of the BYU-Hawaii Silver Jubilee, celebrating the University's twenty-fifth year.

In 1980, I was invited to be a civil-service examiner for the state of Hawaii, reviewing tapes and making recommendations for applicants auditioning for openings in the famous Royal Hawaiian Band. One day, while I was in a dentist's office waiting for root canal surgery, representatives of the Royal Hawaiian Band brought to me several tapes of musicians auditioning for the positions of first French horn and first trombone, two positions that paid well and were worthy of careful consideration. Even though I wasn't looking forward to the dental appointment, it seemed somewhat humorous that I was compelled to conduct such a meeting, interrupting the normal routine of a dental office.

Hawaii, with all its beauty and aloha spirit, has long been a favorite place to visit, even for General Authorities of the Church. I believe I saw more General Authorities in Laie than I ever saw in Provo, partly because it was a stopover on their trips to the Orient and the Pacific Rim, partly due to their frequent visits to deliver devotional addresses, and partly to visit a retreat home reserved for them on Clissolds Beach. One day, while looking for an aloha shirt at the Liberty House in the nearby Kuilima Hotel, I met Elder Marion D. Hanks as I was parting shirts on a rack. Elder Hanks was directly on the other side of the rack, doing the same. We looked at each other, face to face, and he said, "What are you doing here?" I immediately came back, saying, "What are *you* doing here?" Then we both had a good laugh.

We had several visits from President Spencer W. Kimball; once our son Rich made and had the honor of presenting him a lahala mat. We heard President Joseph Fielding Smith play the piano as his wife, Jesse Evans Smith, sat by his side singing a solo. In addition, President Harold B. Lee eloquently spoke to us shortly before his death. All of these events seemed to be natural, common occurrences, in which these presidents showed their loving concern for the people, and they were precious and unforgettable for us.

I had visits from Clarence Sawhill and Jim Jorgenson, past presidents of the College Band Directors National Association. Dr. James A. Mason, then national president of the Music Educators National Conference and eventual dean of the College of Fine Arts at BYU was our guest. Dr. A. Harold Goodman, chairman of the BYU-Provo Music Department, loved to come to Hawaii and eventually purchased a condominium on the island of Kauai.

The day after Christmas in 1979, Jane and I made a hurried trip to Port Townsend in an effort to find a builder for our retirement home. We were successful in obtaining the services of the Campbell Building Supply in Seattle, which agreed to build the shell portion of a model they titled "The Skagit." It was a two-bathroom, three-bedroom home with an upstairs master bedroom, a large combination kitchen, living room, and dining room, all bordered by large windows and a sun deck that would overlook Discovery Bay. Our job would be to subcontract (or do by ourselves) the remaining portions of the home, thus saving us thousands of dollars. Then we had to find a local bank that would be willing to run the risk of financing two people from across the sea. This wasn't easy, for we were turned down by the SeaFirst Bank and others, but were finally fortunate to obtain the services of the Port Angeles Savings and Loan with the proviso that we would pay off the lot, which we were able to do.

We returned to Laie with the intent that the 1980-81 academic year would be our last in Hawaii. Earlier in the year, we heard that President Anderson would be returning to Provo for a teaching assignment at BYU. He had done a wonderful job for the university, being particularly supportive of the fine arts, and I felt we had progressed because of it. Then we heard that Dr. Elliott Cameron would be coming on board to serve as the new president. I knew Elliott from my graduate school days. He and his family were in the

Edgemont Second Ward with us, and his son played trombone in my band. I always considered Elliott and his family good friends. Excited about his appointment, I knew he would support the Music Department, but I was saddened that I would only have the privilege of serving one year under his leadership. In many ways, I felt that by leaving I would be letting him down.

I had perhaps my finest bands that last year in Hawaii, with our best performance happening at the inaugural ceremonies for President Cameron. In the spring of 1981, we took a three-day tour of Hawaii, which would be my final association with the students I had learned to truly love. While we played several school concerts, it was really a vacation gathering for Jane, myself, and the members of the band. I had booked reservations for two days and two nights at the luxurious Makaha Inn on the leeward side of Oahu. We spent many leisure hours lounging at the swimming pool, only to interrupt our time by an occasional pool-side concert. While our activities were somewhat out of line with what we would normally do on a concert tour, I felt that President Cameron sort of looked the other way, realizing that I was close to my band members and wanted this way of saying good-bye. The final night of our "tour" was culminated by a banquet at the hotel, where Jane and I were presented with many leis and showered with "best wishes" cards. We did end the "tour" with a Saturday evening concert at the university, which I'm certain must have been colorful because of our sun-burned or tan faces.

Following graduation exercises, we left immediately for the mainland. I was scheduled to teach the six-week summer term, but Jane was eager and excited to get on with our new lifestyle. I spent two weeks, before having to return to Hawaii, getting water and electricity to the house. I made temporary kitchen cupboards, partitioned off some of the room with blankets, enclosed the bathrooms, and installed a telephone, a woodstove, and some heating panels. I left Jane and Rich in sort of a semi-primitive situation to return to Laie. In subsequent phone calls, I found that Jane was having the time of her life. She had solicited the help of the Elders Quorum, and they, along with Rich, hung sheetrock throughout the home.

My assignment, on returning to Hawaii, was to finish the book on my research of British brass bands and teach a class in jazz ensemble. Dean and Beth Anderson were kind enough to give me a room in their new home. Dean was a professor at BYU-Hawaii, and Beth was everybody's favorite Relief Society president. Their son Greg was Rich's best friend. While at their home, I was treated as though I were a member of the family; I was even invited to share meals with them.

I had no sooner returned to Laie than I was invited to conduct an honor band composed of select high school students from the island of Oahu, which meant I would have to be in Honolulu for rehearsal every evening for a week. We concluded the week with a Saturday night concert. At the end of the concert, the students presented me with a huge card on which each member had inscribed a personal message. Then they presented me with at least ten red or white carnation leis. As I left the auditorium, weighed down by so



many heavy leis, a little Japanese man approached and commented how beautiful the leis were. Not knowing what I would do with them, I asked him if he would like to take them home to his family. He was thrilled and excitedly said he would. As he happily walked away, burdened by the leis, I wondered, "Perhaps in all his years in Hawaii, this might have been the first time he had ever received a lei."

For summer term, I had a surprisingly fine jazz ensemble, and we concluded the term by a concert tour to the island of Kauai. This time the tour was unlike that of spring term, where we spent the bulk of the time playing poolside concerts for the guests at the Makaha Inn. In Kauai, we performed at high schools, ward and stake centers, a shopping center, and tourist hotels. We were luncheon guests of Lovey Apana, a member of the Church and perhaps the chief entertainer in all Kauai. One evening following a concert, she invited us aboard the S. S. *Oceanic Independence* to view one of her shows. This was the night, as I've mentioned, that my students, who performed regularly at the Polynesian Cultural Center, surprisingly took over her show, replacing her normal acts.

My final weeks in Hawaii were unforgettable; my students brought me a creative mug with all their signatures. They showered me with leis. I was constantly invited to dinner by such friends as the Laurets and Dale Howard in Kaneohe, Matt and Chris Geddes, Ish and Carmen Stagner, La Moyne and Jane Garsides, Elliott and Maxine Cameron, and my golfing buddy Frank Rice and his wife Marian. The parents of Roy Hamada, my star tenor sax player, came all the way from Kauai to treat me to a steak dinner. One evening, several of us went to dinner at the Proud Peacock, my favorite restaurant, located next to Waimea Falls. As we ate, their wonderful Hawaiian singer, with a voice like that of Andy Williams, sang for me "Honolulu Lights," a haunting ballad of a Caucasian, like me, who was leaving for the last time on the midnight flight out of Honolulu International Airport. As he flew over Diamond Head, he looked back on the lights of the city and reflected on the marvelous adventures he had while on the Islands. I know I sat for a long time, without speaking a word, trying unsuccessfully to hold back the tears that flowed down my face.

One afternoon, as I was reflectively sitting alone in my office, one of my Maori students, dressed in her native costume, came in and presented me several gifts and then concluded her visit with a sort of farewell dance in my honor. I know I was deeply touched, for we have in Hawaii what we call the "aloha spirit," and I certainly was a recipient of it.

Virginia Schmidt, Claudia Jespersen, and their boyfriends made a special trip from the mainland to bid me adieu from the Islands. They said they knew it would be a difficult time for me and wanted to give me some moral support. I have since amusingly accused them of using me as an excuse to come back to Hawaii and relive some of their collegiate days. But I did appreciate their visit, and it did give me the support I needed in what proved to be a difficult time.

Jim Brague, who was to replace me as director of bands, made a trip from Utah, and I had the opportunity to introduce him to my band students and the people he would be most closely associated with. Jim was from my hometown of Riverside, California, and I knew his parents well. I had brought him to BYU from UCLA to be a drum major with the Cougar Marching Band. He had kept my 1957 TR-3 sports car in top running condition, which I let him use for dates in return for payment. He became a successful high school band director. I knew he would do a fine job and be an ideal replacement.

My last day on Oahu was busy yet interesting. Earlier in the day, Virginia followed me in her rented car as I took Jim Brague to the airport; then we took my Mercury Capri to the container docks for transport to the mainland. Later we went to Frank Rice's water taxi terminal, located at the Kewalo Basin, and spent the afternoon cruising around the harbor picking up and delivering sailors to and from nearby cargo ships. That evening, our daughter Lorri joined us for a special alumni banquet, where I was presented a distinguished service award. As I was about to receive the award, President Cameron whispered in my ear, "We don't have to do this. You still have time to change your mind and stay around for a while." I was tempted, but knew I was committed and my place was in Port Townsend.

Following the banquet, I barely had time to get into Honolulu and catch the flight to Los Angeles International Airport, and on to my hometown of Riverside, where I wanted to spend a few days visiting my ninety-two-year-old mother. Then I was on to Port Townsend; I longed to be reunited with Jane and Rich.

Jane and Rich met me at the SeaTac Airport and were excited to show and tell what they had accomplished during my absence. I wasn't in the least disappointed and was more than surprised to find that not only were the rooms partitioned by sheetrock, but they had planted a huge lawn, several trees, and a vegetable garden; arranged the furniture following its arrival from Honolulu, and borrowed a large rug from a ward member for the living room. The semi-primitive shelter I had left eight weeks before was now beginning to take the shape of the home of our dreams. I was glad to be back.

## MY HEART IS TRUE

### Chapter XIV

#### Epilogue

14-1

I was amazed at the amount of work Jane and Rich had done on the house but felt it was time I joined in on the fun and did my part. During my first week in Port Townsend, I built a porch and steps off the kitchen and put in some cupboards. However, after only a week, we packed our pickup and headed for Island Park to check on the condition of our summer home and to bring back a load of furniture.

Interestingly, we had found time, even though we were in Hawaii some three thousand miles away, to spend ten summers at our cabin. Now we were only a little more than a day's drive away but were seriously wondering how we could ever break away, even to spend a week or so there. For the first time, we began to give serious thought to actually selling our summer home, all in an effort to pay off the loan on our Port Townsend home. While it was a sound idea, it was not something I was looking forward to.

After ten days in Island Park, we were anxious to get back to Port Townsend and get on with our building project. These final ten days proved to be the longest period of time we would ever spend again at the cabin until we reluctantly sold it three years later.

The first Saturday after arriving back in Port Townsend, I was helping the Elders Quorum with a garage sale project when I received a call from David Jones, president of the Silverdale Stake, asking if I could meet him at our little ward building. I asked if I could take time to change from my work clothes, but he said to come immediately as I was.

I had the feeling that I was about to be called to a stake position, something like stake music director, but a rather fantastic and unbelievable thing happened. I was called to be bishop of the Port Townsend Ward. I had actually been in Port Townsend a little more than a week and wondered why I would be receiving such a great calling. Part of the reason, I found, was that Bishop Olaf Ford, a wonderful person, was experiencing ill health, and it was felt his release might give him time to fully regain his health.

In receiving such a call, my primary concern was, "Am I man enough for this job?" I had never served in a bishopric, except for two previous callings as an assistant ward clerk. After accepting the calling, President Jones asked, "Who do you want as councilors and as ward clerk?" My answer was, "I don't know anyone in the ward, so I will go with the councilors and ward clerk as presently constituted." As a result, Stephen Ikert and Paul Greenhalgh became my councilors, and Cecil Quackenbush, my ward clerk.

On Sunday, August 2, 1981, I was sustained and set apart as bishop of the Port Townsend Ward. Later, some fellow ward members jokingly offered their condolences, but for more than five years I thoroughly enjoyed the calling and was often heard to say, "Being

a bishop is an opportunity every worthy Melchizedek Priesthood holder should have the opportunity, honor, and privilege to hold.”

Perhaps my main responsibility during this time was overseeing the building of a new chapel, a project long overdue in light of the humble circumstances in which the ward had been meeting for several years.

At the time of my calling, there were no wealthy people in the ward—no professional people, such as lawyers or doctors. Yet the Port Townsend Ward was always the first in paying its stake assessments. In my journal, I wrote, “Our ward here is terrific, with a more-than-active Elders Quorum that is always engaged in some project to help a member, as they did us, prior to my return.” Then I wrote, “We have wonderful ward members in Port Townsend, and they are so willing to do their share of the work, it’s really *no* problem delegating responsibility!”

After a year, Stephen Ikert moved from the ward. David Grove was sustained as second councilor; Paul Greenhalph became first councilor. Both Paul and David eventually became bishops, Paul at a ward in Bonners Ferry, Idaho, and David as bishop of the Port Townsend Ward.

Following my release as bishop, I became a member of the Silverdale Stake High Council, serving in that capacity for three years, until Bishop Grove requested I be called back to serve as his ward clerk. Serving as a ward clerk was a position I thoroughly enjoyed, feeling that such a calling provided many opportunities to be of great assistance to a bishop. I also saw that teachers and auxiliary leaders, as well as ward members, received assistance in obtaining necessary equipment, aids, and help, in order to better fulfill their responsibilities.

I remained active in music, playing third horn and eventually principal horn with the Port Angeles Symphony, an orchestra that had won an ASCAP award for excellence. For ten years, I enjoyed performing with the orchestra, under the capable direction of Nico Snel, a music major graduate from Brigham Young University, who directed not only the Port Angeles Symphony, but the Bellevue Philharmonic as well. The only aspect of playing in the Port Angeles Symphony that I didn’t enjoy was the eighty-mile round trip I made to rehearsals and performances each week on a dark, two-lane road that was occasionally covered with ice and snow.

My participation in the Port Angeles Symphony brought me in contact with the Port Angeles Light Opera Association. While I never had the opportunity to conduct one of its musicals, I was nevertheless privileged to play principal trumpet for over six seasons. It was during that time that I developed a real appreciation for the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. Before that, the only experiences I had with their works were rather poor attempts, which I mistakenly had attributed to the music. With the PALOA (as the Port Angeles Light Opera Association was known), I learned, in a highly professional manner,

Gilbert and Sullivan works are truly works of art. We did Gilbert and Sullivan's *HMS Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado*. We also enjoyed playing *Carousel*, *The Music Man*, and *Miss Merry Sunshine*.

Port Townsend, while somewhat small, is an artsy-craftsy place, with several fine writers, painters, wooden boat builders, and musicians. Nearby is Fort Worden, a former artillery base that has since become known as the Fort Worden State Park, home base for Centrum, a vital part of the State of Washington Arts Commission. Included among the talented people in Port Townsend were several jazz-oriented musicians with experience in big band playing. I was fortunate to become associated with and play in bands under the direction of Gus Linquist and Joe Wheeler. Joe was the manager and artistic director for Centrum, and Gus ran the linen service for the entire park.

Gus Lindquist, in particular, became a revered friend. My association with him eventually provided me the opportunity to direct bands for the nationwide Elderhostel organization.

In 1989, I was invited to serve as conductor/director for the Port Townsend Orchestra, formed some three years earlier; it received remarkable success, particularly for a city the size of Port Townsend. For the next five years, I spent considerable time and energy in maintaining the standard of the orchestra, as well as upgrading the music literature and working to obtain a full instrumentation of strings, woodwinds, brass, and percussion.

Perhaps due to my many years as a band director, I felt that I was particularly successful in developing a woodwind and brass section that rivaled even that of the Port Angeles Symphony.

As soloists, I endeavored to use as much local talent as possible, which included our concert mistress, Kristin Smith; A. J. "Tex" Bouck, who toured for many years as principal French horn for Frank Sinatra; Gail Phillips, a dear friend and outstanding trumpet virtuoso; Lisa Lanza, a local concert pianist with remarkable talent; operatic soprano Kathleen Bradbury; concert pianist John Ranney, a former faculty member from University of Southern California; and many others.

A favorite concert we did was *The Merry Widow*, featuring Kathleen Bradbury and tenor Rich Sheyer from Seattle, along with a vocal ensemble directed by Geri Bergstrom. Our Christmas concerts were always well received, as were our concerts as part of the Port Townsend Rhododendrium Festival.

In the fall of 1988, through the efforts of Leroy Gibbons from the BYU Alumni office and Janie Thompson, former director of the BYU Program Bureau, I was invited to Homecoming for a reunion of the Y's Men Band, which I had directed many years before. Former players came, at their own expense, from as far east as New York, and we had the opportunity to perform for two homecoming dances.

So successful was this venture that, for the years 1989 and 1991, the Ys Men were invited to accompany Janie Thompson's grand reunion shows titled "Together Again," a show where Program Bureau headliners from the 1960s and 70s were brought back to do four shows as part of BYU Education Week. The shows, performed on the stages of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building and the De Jong Concert Hall, featured many friends and such close associates as Karl, Bobby, and Gerri Engemann, the Engemann Trio; renowned financial expert Howard Ruff; master of ceremonies Bryan Renstrom; George "Mickey Mouse" Sorenson; Sandi Griffith and Sally Flynn, from the Lawrence Welk show; movie actress Patti Patterson (who sang with the Y's Men Band); former members of "The Lettermen," Jim Pike, Doug Curran, and Bobby Engemann; "The Booglers," Dennis (Bunky) Arnold, Sterling Ellsworth, and Kent Utley; Carolyn, Bob and John Thompson, "The Thompson Trio." We had outstanding balancer, Heinz Hubler; Norm and Rosanne Nielsen, whom I worked with at both BYU-Provo and BYU-Hawaii; and the following Ys Men: (saxes) Dick Stott, Rod Matson, Dave Faddis, Dick Lossee, and Marv Jenkins, (trumpets) Jay Terry, Newell Dayley, Leroy Gibbons, Al Johnson, Tom Moon, (trombones), Dale "Doc" Mancell (music arranger), Boyd Hunter, Bowen Garrick, and Dick Long, Wilson Brown (pianist and music arranger), (drums) Bob Campbell, (bass) Lars Yorgason and Grady Edenfield.

In addition to accompanying most of the acts, the Ys Men were featured on Dave Comstocks's lengthy "Memories of the 40s," an arrangement written for high school colleague and Hollywood studio trombonist Lloyd Ulyate. In addition, the Ys Men recreated Crawford Gates' outstanding arrangement of music from *Westside Story*, which we had premiered years before. Former Glenn Miller trombonist "Doc" Mancell described it as one of the most difficult pieces of music he had ever played.

In 1994, following thirteen wonderful years in Port Townsend, Jane and I decided to sell our home and move to St. George, Utah, mainly to be closer to our son Rich and his family, who then lived in Pocatello, Idaho; my brother and sister, Les and Aleen, who lived in Riverside, California; the St. George Temple; and my all-time best friend, Art, and his wife, Shirley Anderson.

We were fortunate, within weeks, to sell our home on Discovery Bay and build a small home in "Santa Fe" townhouse estates in St. George. Before moving to St. George, we had bought a twenty-eight-foot, fifth-wheel coach, which we used for travel vacations as well on a lot we had at Lake Tyee in Washington. The fifth wheel made an ideal place to live and watch while our new home was being constructed.

We were in St. George barely two weeks when I was invited to play in the Win Seegmiller thirteen-piece band. Win was a legend in Southern Utah, having had a dance band since the 1940s. Then, my great friend Art Anderson introduced me to Doug and Mary Stewart, who were in the process of completing the magnificent Tuacahn Amphitheater and Center for the Arts, located near the entrance to Snow Canyon in Ivins, Utah.

In October of 1994, Mary Stewart invited me to help their youth orchestra in preparation for a Halloween concert. This, in turn, led to an invitation from Doug to meet Rick and Peg Young. Rick was a lover and owner of magnificent Friesian and Morgan horses. He had a long-time dream of having a brass band riding atop one of his roof-top carriages, pulled by four of his jet-black Friesian horses, with appearances in first-class parades throughout the country.

As an advertising and public relations feature for Tuacahn, I was invited by Doug and Rick to form such a brass band, composed primarily of quality students selected, by audition, from various high schools in the area.

I was able to recruit a representative group of players in time for the dedication exercises of the Tuacahn Amphitheater and Center for the Arts. President Gordon B. Hinckley, who was only one week into his illustrious career as President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was invited and accepted an invitation to deliver the dedicatory prayer.

Our job was to lead his procession into Tuacahn and onto the amphitheater stage, riding atop one of Rick Young's state-of-the-art carriages, followed by President Hinckley riding in another of Rick's carriages. I rode up in front, dressed in a tuxedo, wearing a top hat and carrying a post horn, while the Tuacahn Brass players rode behind, dressed in Western attire. As we rode along the procession route, I played fanfares, announcing the grand entrance. This was followed immediately by the brass band playing a well-known LDS hymn.

Our second appearance was at the Fourth of July Freedom Festival in Provo. This time we added a more showy presentation, including "America the Beautiful," Sousa's "Washington Post March," and a Dixieland tune I arranged, titled, "Sensation," and yet another Dixieland tune, "When the Saints Come Marching In." To our surprise, for our second performance, we were awarded a first-prize trophy.

The Stewarts, Rick Young, and I were pleased with such an honor early in our career. Following the parade, while visiting with my good friend Virginia Schmidt, who worked the parade as part of the KSL television crew, I asked what she thought of the Tuacahn Brass. Her comments were favorable, except she felt we lacked a standout, powerhouse trumpeter to give the "Brass" a more professional, "big-time" sound.

I felt her suggestion had merit and decided to do something about it. I had heard of D.J. Barraclough, a young virtuoso trumpeter living in the St. George area who had a technical range up to double high C. His brother Ben, who was already playing with the "Brass," said that D.J. would love to be part of our group.

D.J. accepted the invitation. Then to make matters even better, I added Eddie Candland, another outstanding trumpeter who was director of bands at Hurricane High School. Eddie became instrumental in recommending future quality high school players to our group. Feeling that I should do more than just play fanfares on the post horn, I decided to get an F alto horn, on which to play the normal French horn parts, and the real Tuacahn Brass was formed, with an instrumentation of four trumpets, French horn, F alto horn, two trombones, two tubas, and two percussion.

Rick Young was so pleased with our efforts that he purchased an expensive white horse trailer with the words "Tuacahn Brass" emblazoned on the side. He purchased another pickup truck and yet another matching trailer for instruments, harnesses, and trappings.

With such state-of-the-art equipment, I felt we created a spectacular sight as we traveled the interstates to various parades.

While with the "Brass," we won twelve sweepstake or first-place awards, namely the Judges Award at the Fiesta Bowl Parade in Phoenix, and the grand prize sweepstakes, from over four hundred and twenty entrees at the La Fiesta de los Vaqueros parade in Tucson, Arizona. Following the awards presentation, I was told by the parade's director that for the first time, all ten judges awarded us the prize. He said it was an amazing feat since the ten judges could usually never agree on where they were even going for lunch.

Other prizes included a first place in the Helldorado Parade in Las Vegas. Then, for two consecutive years, we won first place at the SeaTac Parade, in Seattle, as well as two sweepstakes at the Grand Balloon Parade in Bellevue, Washington.

We received invitations, which we were unable to honor, to the Calgary Stampede parade in Canada, the Hollywood Christmas Parade in California, and the Macy's Christmas Parade in New York City.

Not only did we play for parades, we concertized as well, most notably with Floyd Rigby and his renowned Southern Utah Heritage Choir.

For our Heritage Choir performances, we accompanied the choir on several numbers, then often performed ourselves. On our first Heritage Choir concert, we featured, as our second of three numbers, D.J. Barraclough playing an arrangement I had written of Hermann Bellstedt's "Napoli." So well received were we that D.J. and the "Brass" received a standing ovation in the middle of this performance.

For the centennial celebration of Utah's becoming a state in the Union, we performed two concerts on BYU campus, following which we were invited to appear at Utah Valley College for the Utah State Republican Convention.



Perhaps the highlight of the Tuacahn Brass existence was our Christmas performance with the Heritage Choir in Carnegie Hall on December 17, 1998. For me, it was an experience of a lifetime. Before the concert, I seriously wondered how I would react to being on the stage of such a renowned concert hall, a hall on which the world's greatest artists had performed. Then I made up my mind that I would never again have such opportunity, so why not dismiss any fear of making a mistake and give it everything I had. The result was that I didn't come close to any mistakes, and the choir and the "Brass" performed magnificently. A major factor in making our task easier was a black lady, off stage, who controlled our entrances and exits. She was so gracious and had such a wit and charm that we tended to forget where we were, and any fears seemed to vanish.

Tuacahn Brass players making the Carnegie Hall concert were Eddie Candland, trumpet; Chad Staley, trumpet; D.J. Barraclough, trumpet and trombone; Tyler Kidd, French horn; Chris Rivera, tuba; and me playing horn and trumpet. Other brass and percussion players who contributed to the Tuacahn Brass success but were not with the band at the time of the Carnegie Hall concert were trumpets Shawn Bennion, Aaron Astle, and Nathan LeBaron; trombones Lance Jensen, Bryan Chamberlain, and Kirk Jones; tuba Skyler Jewell; percussionists Karl Eric Bennion and Melissa Montgomery

In February of 1999, I was invited by Kevin Smith, CEO of the Tuacahn Amphitheater and Center for the Arts, to conduct the orchestra in over forty performances of their summer-long production of Andrew Lloyd Weber's *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. Gail Lockwood, from the BYU Music Department, and I had to virtually rescore the music in order to satisfy the production requirements of the director, Darell Yeager, and there were times during rehearsals when I seriously wondered if I could have an orchestra sufficiently prepared by the June 15 opening date. When we finally opened, however, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* proved to be the most satisfying production I had ever been involved with.

In the millennial year, 2000, I was once again invited to direct the orchestra for the Tuacahn's summer production; this time for the fiftieth anniversary of Meredith Wilson's all-time favorite, *The Music Man*. It marked the fourth time I had been involved with a *Music Man* production and wondered how I would hold up under forty presentations. While *The Music Man* had a superb cast with a fine orchestra, I was happy when we closed on August 3, never gendering the same feeling I had for *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, a particular production, with all its artistry, that I felt I could have conducted indefinitely.

On March 20, 2000, I was invited by the Brigham Young University Alumni Association, along with ten others, to be a recipient of its Emeritus Alumni Special Recognition Award. The recipients were invited to an informal reception with current officers of the emeritus alumni, which included our former bishop, Quinn McKay, acting as master of ceremonies. Then we were formally recognized at a reception and luncheon in the Ernest L. Wilkinson Student Center. Some five hundred guests appeared, and because of

alphabetical arrangement, I was first in the line of recipients to be greeted. Included among the guests were many former friends and students who wanted to chat and visit. Then there were others who had danced to the Y's Men Band, even some who told me they had become engaged while dancing to the band. Janie Thompson came by and presented me a copy of the new autobiography of singer Tony Bennett, in which she, along with fellow musician Dick Stott, were mentioned several times. I was having the time of my life and was deeply honored by all the attention I was receiving, until alumni officers had to tell us to shorten our visits, since we were dramatically holding up the reception line.

I am indebted to the hundreds of fine students and friends I have been associated with for some sixty years. With few exceptions, they were a joy to be with. Many have gone on to successful careers with the Church Education System. K. Newell Dayley, an outstanding composer and Chairman of the BYU Music Department eventually became Dean of the College of Fine Arts; James A. Mason became president of the Music Educators National Association, editor of *The Instrumentalist* magazine and dean of the BYU College of Fine Arts; Matt Geddes, to whom I gave an unseen scholarship, became a noted artist and dean of the College of Fine Arts at Brigham Young University-Idaho (formerly Ricks College); James Brague, a former Cougar Marching Band drum major, became my replacement at BYU-Hawaii and then chairman of the BYU-Idaho Music Department.

Siuai Laufou, Sione Tuitupo, Victor Yap, Norm Harris, Samisoni U'uasilaa, Vaitu'u Kaio, Jeff Walpole and so many others who affectionately called me "Brother B" and "Da Boss"—I will never forget them!

To paraphrase Thomas Edison, "I never worked a day in my life; I was having too much fun."